

Samara's Story

Somewhere, deep in the middle of nowhere, on an abandoned farm in an old oak tree, lived a sparrow family. They were a normal family. Mary, the mother, Winston the father, and two daughters, Ella and Emily. They lived happily for years, taking time in life to do small things like hugging each other before bed. They had no fears or problems. Everything was perfect, until one winter when food was running low. The father sparrow decided he would fly far away to the forest in which he had played when he was young, to find the juicy fruit that he knew was there. The mother and her daughters were afraid for him, He had told them stories about that place. Stories of the invisible pond and the giant carnivorous frogs with poisoned skin. he had said fierce wolves with red eyes howled at full moon and foxes that lurked amongst the bushes that covered the forest floor.

Morning came and the mother packed father a small bag, and just before he left he shouted “ Love to you all. If I’m not back by next week do’t come and look for me!” And then he left. The mother was worried all that week and the big sister kept assuring her “he’ll be back”. After a week of being miserable the sparrows’ greatest fear came true - the father did not return. No sight of him the next week either; or the next. The sparrows were distraught. The mother wept and the daughters cried. The little family now lived in fear. Fear of what happened to their father. Fear of what will happen to them. Fear of any sudden movement and noise. Fear of all living creatures.

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Marg and Emily buried their fear by collecting food and sticks for their nest but the little sister had grown out of her fear. She had simply decided it made life gloomy so she no longer was willing to carry the fear with her. When her mother wasn’t looking she would flutter down to the old barn that stood derelict in the fields. She would flit in and out of the old tyre swing and dive into haystacks to look for the rats. She longed to talk to someone and the only other living being on this lonely farm were rats. She wished to meet another bird like her. Someone who would take her attention away from the sadness that surrounded her mother. The rats were no use. They just snarled and ran away. And Ella was convinced that there were no birds for miles, and even if there were her mother barely ever let her out of her sights. When Ella finally got sick of trying to talk to the rats she would claw her way up to the top of the haystacks and jump. As she fell she frantically tried to imitate her mothers wings. She drifted for a few seconds and then, crash!

She landed kerplonk, in a haystack. She wasn't very good at flying yet. She tried whenever she had the chance and hoped to become an amazing flyer like her dad.

Just as she was about to jump again she heard her mother calling from up in their tree. She scampered across the ground, attempting to fly up to her mother but failing. Mary did a graceful swoop down and flew her up to the first branch. "Darling, how dare you go to the barn without permission" she scolded. "The rats might get you. I hope you haven't been looking for rats in the haystack again, have you?" "No mum" Ella said, putting on her most innocent voice while secretly plucking a piece of hay from under her coat. "Now, I'm off to fetch dinner" Mary declared. I'll be back soon, curl up and have a nap. Do not go back to the barn and do listen to Emily!" And with that she was off.

Ella curled up beside Emily and, filled with the thoughts of a juicy supper, she dozed off to sleep. Bang! Her sleep didn't last long - Ella awoke, startled to see sudden flashes of lightning and hear terrifying roars of thunder. Suddenly, realising she was shivering Ella glanced around for her mother but she was nowhere to be seen. Ella scampered over to Emily shaking her until she woke up. "Mum is still out looking for food" Ella squeaked. Fear glistened on Emily's face. "Don't worry" she said, "She'll be back soon". Emily was only trying to hide her fear, Ella could tell. Nonetheless, Emily's words couldn't reassure Ella, she had to see for herself. Squeezing out of her sister's grasp she sneaked toward the nest's edge. As she stood on the edge a fat, wet raindrop dripped onto her beak. Then, without warning, a powerful wind blew her out of the nest and away - far away past the plains and over the hills.

Fear welled inside Ella. It swelled as she glanced back at her home, the old tree, which was now a mere speck in the distance.